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THE
BABE AND THE PRINCESS
AND
Other Poems for Children.

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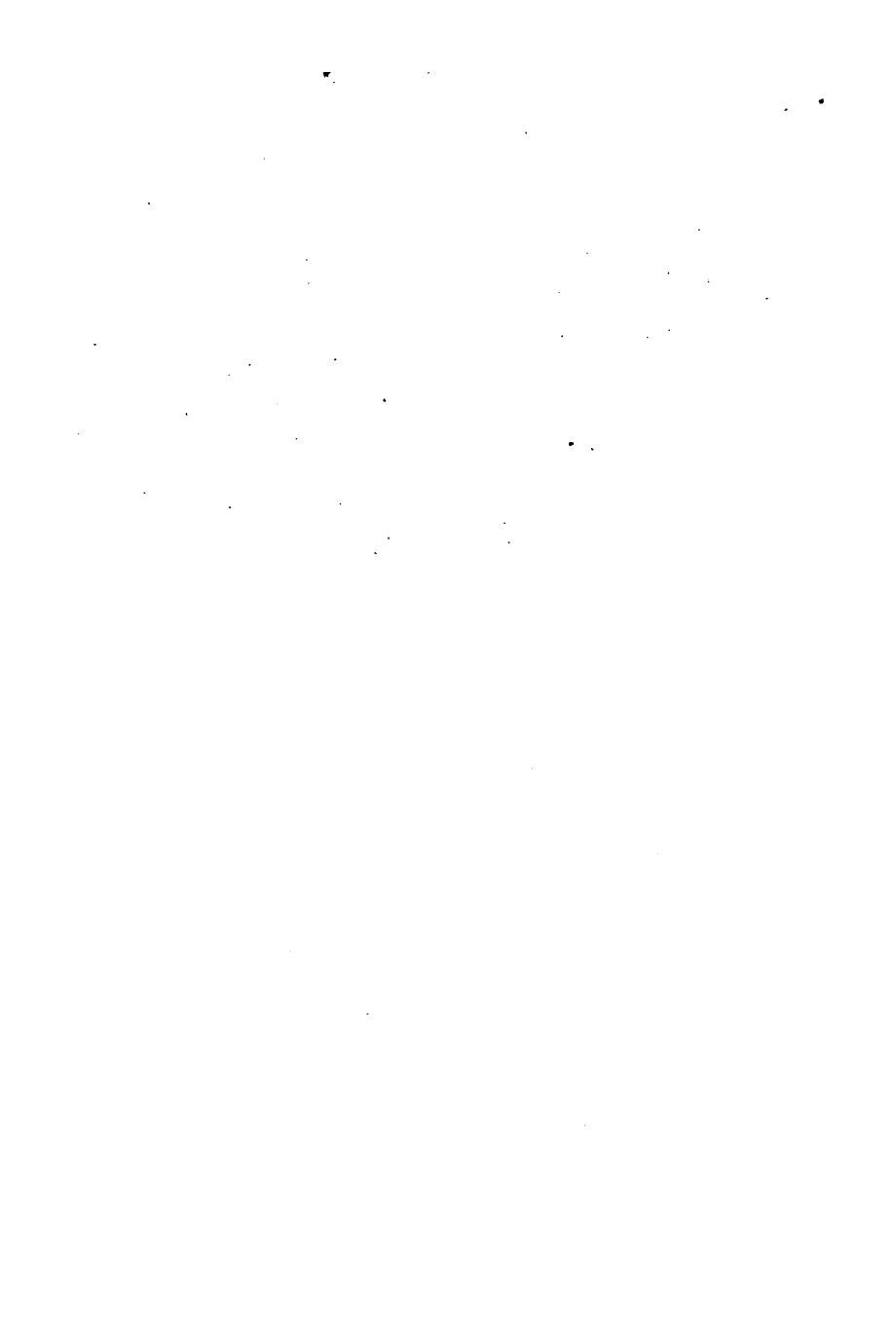
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The first of these is the fact that the system is not
 self-sufficient. It is dependent on the external world
 for its operation. This is a major flaw in the
 system, as it makes it vulnerable to external
 influences. The second is that the system is not
 flexible. It is unable to adapt to changes in the
 environment. This is a major flaw in the system,
 as it makes it unable to cope with the
 uncertainties of the future. The third is that the
 system is not robust. It is unable to withstand
 shocks and stresses. This is a major flaw in the
 system, as it makes it unable to maintain its
 performance in the face of adversity.



THE BABE AND THE PRINCESS.

THE
BABE AND THE PRINCESS,

AND
Other Poems for Children.

BY
THE AUTHOR OF "I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY."

Published for the Benefit of the Children's Hospital.

LONDON:
GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,
THE CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.
1864.



**E. FOLKARD, PRINTER,
DEVONSHIRE STREET, QUEEN SQUARE,
LONDON.**

TO
MY GODSON,
PERCY ALFRED E. ASTON,

These Verses

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HIS LOVING AUNT,

THE AUTHOR.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, in Great Ormond Street, to which the profits of this little volume will be devoted, is too well known to need a word of recommendation from the Author. Royalty has deigned, with thoughtful interest, to care for the little ones within its walls, and He who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords has blessed the effort to relieve the sufferings of the children of the poor.

Should these pages afford pleasure or instruction to any little one in those sick wards, or to others whose happy childhood has been exempt from suffering, the writer's wishes will be abundantly fulfilled.

20 PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT,
June 17th, 1864.

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The Babe and the Princess.

THERE lived a little baby,
Three thousand years ago,
The land wherein his parents dwelt
Was never white with snow.
No clouds obscured the deep blue sky,
There fell no wintry rain ;
And when the long, long summer passed,
The spring came back again.

Great cities, noble palaces,
High pyramids were there,
And temples strange and wonderful,
And flowers with odours rare.
The palm-trees' spreading branches
Their distant shadow cast ;
The glory of the present
Was mingled with the past.

A river, broad and flowing,
 Swept, as in ancient time,
 Through waste and pathless deserts,
 To that most favoured clime.
 None knew its mighty sources,
 None knew from whence it came,
 But distant nations trembled
 At that dread river's name.

The baby's gentle mother
 Was a poor Hebrew slave :
 She knew the swelling river
 Was destined for his grave.
 The king's command was urgent,
 It might not be withstood :
 A thousand babes had perished,
 Deep in that surging flood.

She took the smiling baby,
 And clasped it to her breast,
 And hushed its half-breathed wailing,
 And pillowed it to rest.
 She could not drown her darling,
 So beautiful and fair ;—
 God helped her safe to hide him—
 I cannot tell you where.

A few short months, and danger
 Shadowed the mother's brow ;
 Tales of her babe were whispered,
 She knew not when, or how,
 No longer in her dwelling
 Safely he might be kept.
 She prayed with tears of anguish,
 Whilst happy mothers slept

Again, again God helped her.—
 From the broad river's brink
 Long supple reeds she gathered,
 Too strong and light to sink.
 She knew the Nile's dread monsters,
 Roving in search of prey,
 Would touch not the papyrus,
 In anger or in play.

She wove a small frail basket,
 And took her little son,
 One moment to her bosom
 She clasped him—only one ;
 Then in that fairy cradle,
 Still sleeping, he was laid ;
 She placed it by the river,
 Then turned away, and prayed.

The babe's young sister lingered,
 In silence watching near,—
 She heard approaching footsteps,
 And gazed in doubt and fear.
 It was the lovely princess,
 And her attendant train,—
 The kind and gentle princess :
 The child took heart again.

Merrhis, the sun-king's daughter,*
 Was beautiful and good ;
 She saw the fragile basket
 Slow floating down the flood ;
 She bade her divers quickly
 Bring the frail bark to shore ;
 She looked within,—the baby
 Was sleeping, as before.

His wondrous beauty moved her,
 And pity filled her heart—
 In Pharoah's cruel mandate
 The princess had no part—

* The princess who rescued Moses was the daughter of the king of Heliopolis, the city of the sun, and wife of the king of Memphis.

One little helpless infant,
One, surely she might save,
 Out of the countless number
 Who found a watery grave.

In Memphis' stately palace
 There dwelt no little child,
 No baby's merry laughter
 The weary hours beguiled;
 What marvel that the princess
 Took this forsaken one,
 And laid him in her bosom,
 To be her own dear son?

Sweet Miriam's eager footsteps
 Had brought her nearer still;
 One thing alone was wanting,
 Her cup of bliss to fill.
 She asked with trembling accents,
 Trembling for very joy,
 "Oh! Princess, may my mother
 Be nurse to that fair boy?"

Perchance the royal lady
 Guessed who that nurse might prove,—
 One who would tend her nursling
 With all a mother's love.

She gave consent, and Miriam
Flew to her mother's side ;
And in the captive's dwelling
The Lord was magnified.

A Christmas Song.

UNTO us a child is born,
Unto us a son is given ;
Peace to sinful men on earth,
Glory high to God in heaven.

Born a babe in Bethlehem's manger,
Son of God, the mighty King ;
Well might shepherds hail His advent,
Eastern sages tribute bring.

Lofty are His names and titles,
Many crowns are His to wear ;
Government upon His shoulder
He has might and strength to bear.

Wonderful ! the Counsellor !
The Saviour, Prince of Peace !
For ever and for ever
His kingdom shall increase.

'Tis long since little children
Earth's first Hosanna sung,
But since uncounted ages
His praise through heaven had rung.

The dwellers in that city—
Whose streets are shining gold,
Where moth nor rust corrupteth,
And treasures wax not old—

They never cease their harping,
They rest not night nor day,
Nor weary of the homage
It is their joy to pay.

Oh! let us join our praises,
Though all unskilled to sing,
For Jesus is our Saviour,
And Bethlehem's babe our King.

Can Stars Love God ?

CAN the bright stars love God ?
 All through the dark still night,
 When the red sun has gone to rest,
 They shed their quiet light ;
 Shining because it is His will,
 Perhaps quite near to heaven ; but still
 The stars cannot love God.

Can the young flowers love God ?
 He tells them when to bloom,
 Sends them the sunshine and the shower,
 Gives them their sweet perfume ;
 And when He fills with dew each cup,
 Wind-rose and daisy both look up ;
 But flowers cannot love God.

Can the glad birds love God ?
 How far and fast they fly !
 Singing and singing as they mount
 Up through the summer sky.
 He sees the sparrows when they fall,
 He hears the nestling's feeblest call ;
 But birds cannot love God.

Can the white lambs love God ?
They frisk about in spring,
Each guarded by its mother sheep,
A happy, guileless thing.
One Shepherd, with unsleeping care,
Watches o'er every lambkin there ;
Yet they cannot love God.

Can children love Him ? Yes.
You could not tell the star,
Or flower, or lamb, or the gay bird,
Which flies so fast and far,
About the King of earth and heaven ;
But to each child a soul is given,
And children can love God.

Oh, do you love him ? He is good
To all things, but He gave
His well-beloved Son for you,
To seek you and to save.
You *can* love God. Then will you pray
That you may love Him more each day,
Because He first loved you.

Pilgrim Children.

"Let your little ones also go with you."—Ex. x. 24.

WHEN from Egypt's house of bondage
 Israel marched—a mighty band,
 Little children, numbered with them,
 Journeyed to the promised land.
 Little children
 Trod the desert's trackless sand.

Little children crossed the Jordan,
 Landed on fair Canaan's shore,
 'Neath the sheltering vine they rested,
 Homeless wanderers now no more.
 Little children
 Sang sweet praise for perils o'er.

Saviour! like those Hebrew children,
 Youthful pilgrims we would be.
 From the chains of sin and Satan
 Thou hast died to set us free.
 We would traverse
 All the wilderness to Thee.

Guide our feeble, erring footsteps,
Shade us from the heat by day ;
Be our light from shadowy nightfall,
Till the darkness pass away.

Jesus ! guard us
From the dangers of the way.

When we reach the cold dark river,
Bid us tremble not, nor fear ;
Be Thou with us in the waters ;
We are safe if Thou art near.
Through the billows
Let the emerald bow appear.

Then, our pilgrim journey ended,
All Thy glory we shall see,
Dwell with saints and holy angels,
Rest beneath life's healing tree ;
Happy children,
Praising, blessing, loving Thee.

The Battle of Beth-horon.

THE tribes of Israel were encamped
On Gilgal's verdant height ;
Their conquering hosts had late returned
From Ai's bloody fight.
Proud Jericho, "walled up to heaven,"
Had heard the trumpet's sound,
And, trembling at the voice of God,
Had crumbled to the ground.

Brief resting from the battle-field,
Might Israel's warriors know—
Not yet might Joshua sheathe the sword,
Nor yet unstring the bow—
For messengers from Gibeon came,
Weary with haste and fear,
And, charged with tidings dire and dread,
To Joshua's tent drew near.

Gibeon's high princes had made league
 With Israel; so they came,
 In danger imminent and sore,
 Much-needed help to claim:
 For Canaan's kings, with armies vast,
 Burning with hate and rage,
 E'en now besieged their city walls,
 A cruel strife to wage.

'Twas noon. The scorching sun shone bright
 On Jordan's wavelets calm,
 And on the golden harvest-fields
 And shadowy groves of palm.
 Despite the fierce consuming heat,
 With glitt'ring spear and sword,
 From Gilgal's heights marched rapidly
 The armies of the Lord.

Through the cool evening onward still,—
 Through the still, starry night,—
 Through rosy dawn of summer morn,—
 Still marching to the fight.
 The sons of Gibeon, sore beset
 With stern and cruel foes,
 Looked from their towers with straining eyes,
 As that fair morning rose.

"They come! they come!" the cry went forth,
 From court to court it spread—
 "Joshua and Israel's mighty host;
 They come; our fears have fled."
 One shout of living multitudes
 Went up through heaven's deep blue:
 The Canaanites, with boding dread,
 That shout of battle knew.

Fierce contest, stern but brief, ensued,
 Then Gibeon's foemen fled;
 And Joshua and his hosts pursued
 O'er heaps of slaughtered dead.
 Down the steep rugged mountain pass
 The vanquished foes rushed on;
 Brightly upon those snow-white peaks
 The early sun had shone.
 But now dark tempest clouds arose,
 And lightnings flashed around,
 And thunders, strange and terrible,
 Uttered their awful sound.

Ten thousand warriors—Canaan's pride—
 Fell, not by spear or sword,
 But by the hailstones' dreadful rain
 And lightnings from the Lord;

The Israelites—unscared, unharmed—
 Fulfilling heaven's high will,
 Through rocky defiles, red with blood,
 Pursued them fiercely still.

Pursued them, till on Gibeon's heights
 The setting sunlight fell,
 And silv'ry moonbeams softly lit
 The vale of the gazelle.
 Then Joshua paused—his hand upraised—
 He knew that God was near ;
 He knew there is no earnest prayer
 God careth not to hear.
 He knew that God would answer him,
 And with strong faith he cried,
 "Stand still, O Sun! on Gibeon's hill ;
 Moon! where thou art, abide."

The sun stood still and hasted not
 To go down one whole day ;
 The crescent moon on Ajalon
 Still shed her gentle ray.
 There was no time on earth like that,
 When God, at man's request,
 Bade the unerring sun stand still,
 Obeying man's behest.

So vengeance still pursued its course,
Still waged the battle strong;
God's warriors 'gainst the Pagan hosts,
Right warring with the wrong.
At length the fearful strife was o'er.
And Israel bowed the knee;
Ascribing praise alone to God,—
His was the victory.

A Story of the Lily.

THERE was a little careless child,
And in her thoughtless mirth,
She trod upon a lily-bud,
And crushed it to the earth.
She looked at it a moment's space,
And then, in merry play,
Forgot the lily's drooping leaves,
Till sunshine wore away.

But when the quiet evening came,
Closing that day of gladness,
Thoughts of the crushed and blighted flower,
Quite filled her heart with sadness.
Vainly she tried to raise its head,
And sought to cleanse each stain;
She could not make its petals smooth,
And pure and white again.

And then she wept, but lo, the dew
Fell in the dawning hour ;
And when once more poor Ada sought
The little drooping flower,
'Twas beautiful, and pure, and bright,
And in its depths there lay
The crystal drops which gave it strength
To bloom another day.

Ella's Prayer.

THE rosy light of eventide
Was growing faint and dim,
The joyous birds of wood and grove
Warbled their vesper hymn.
The summer breeze blew soft and cool,
Fragrant with breath of flowers;
More lovely far that twilight time
Than noontide's sunny hours.

And low, within a quiet room,
There knelt a fair young child:
A bright tear glistened in her eye,
Yet while she prayed, she smiled;
For beautiful and holy thoughts—
Gleams from the light above—
Had tuned her infant lips to praise,
And filled her heart with love.

Not for herself, that little one
Pleaded with tearful smile,
For on the restless bed of pain
Her brother lay the while.
Sorely she missed his merry voice
Through each long weary day,
And dreamt each night that he was well,
And calling her to play.

But there was something in the calm
Of that sweet summer's eve,
Which seemed to soothe the gentle child,
And would not let her grieve.
She knew 'twas God who spread the sky,
And formed the earth so fair,
And that His mercy and His love
Are present everywhere.

"Surely," she said, "that gracious God
Will listen when I pray ;
The birds ask Him for what they need,
And He hears what they say.
And when the flowers begin to droop,
He sends them sun and rain,
And raises up their little heads,
And makes them strong again."

So, throwing back her clust'ring hair,
 And raising her meek eyes,
 She lifted her sweet earnest voice,
 With faith which pierced the skies :
 Faith in His promise, who hath said
 That they who ask, receive ;
 That all things work for good to them
 Who love Him, and believe.

" Father," she cried, " for Jesus' sake,
 My darling brother spare ;
 Physicians cannot do him good,
 Oh ! make him Thine own care.
 He used to talk to me of Thee,
 At this still twilight hour,
 And tell me Thou art infinite
 In mercy as in power."

" I scarcely know the narrow way,
 Oh ! let him lead me on.
 'Twould be a lonely pilgrimage,
 And sad, if he were gone.
 I'm but a weak and sinful child,
 Yet Thou wilt hear my cry,
 Because my Saviour intercedes
 At Thy right hand on high."

Roses were gone, but jasmine still
 Around the lattice crept,
As if o'er that still quiet room
 A lovely watch it kept.
A bright young child was kneeling there,
 For 'twas the hour of prayer ;
Methought I knew that snowy brow,
 That dark rich curling hair.

'Twas Ella ;—but not now she knelt
 In sorrow, and alone ;
A rosy boy was by her side,
 His arm around her thrown.
With grateful and rejoicing heart,
 He joined his sister there,
Ascribing love and praise to Him
 Who hears and answers prayer.

The Golden-crested Wren.

THE fire was burning brightly, the tea-things cleared
away,

When Francey, Teddy dear, and I commenced a game
of play.

We did not want the box of bricks, nor even shells,
just then ;

Nor yet to cut out paper boats, nor partridges, nor
men ;

So Teddy said that he would play at living in a nest,
And be a golden-crested wren, in pretty colours drest.

Wrens build their nests like baskets—this Teddy
could not do,

So under the piano the little boy-bird flew ;
And found such a nice hiding-place, that almost any
wren,

If it had once been there to build, would soon have
come again ;

So snug it seemed, that Francey thought she too
should like to be
A bird in that same quiet nest, chirping right
merrily.

Sometimes these little children-wrens flew up and
down the room,
Pretending to be seeking crumbs, to carry to their
home;
And then I tried to catch them both, and we had
such a race,
All round the tables and the chairs, back to their
hiding place.
Sometimes I caught one merry bird, but while I chased
the other,
The first flew from my curtained cage, back to its
singing brother.

But soon these wrens were changed to seals, and then
they dived about,
And swam upon the carpet until the tide went
out;
You know that when the waves recede, they leave the
smooth dry sand,
And seals move quickly in the sea, but slowly on the
land;

And so I caught and took them home, thinking their
skins might do
To make my shoes of, and my boots, shining, and
bright, and new.

But somehow, very suddenly, and to my great surprise,
Teddy became a little lamb, which neither swims nor
flies;

And now I did not need to run and chase it any more,
For if I called, this pet lamb came and looked in at
the door;

And, happy in its little fold, it eat its grass by day,
And slept through all the quiet night, till darkness
passed away.

Which would you be? a lamb, or seal, or golden-
crested wren?

I love them all, and hope sometimes to play at each
again.

I love the wren, because it stays with us the winter
through,

Whilst other birds fly far away to where the sky is
blue.

It is a tiny bird to brave the cold, and frost, and snow,
But patiently it waits and chirps, till summer breezes
blow.

I love the seal, with its grave eyes, looking so good
and meek,

I think we should have gentle words if it could only
speak.

But little lambs are dearer still, like daisies, pure and
fair ;

Obedient to their shepherd's voice, and safe beneath
his care.

Teddy and Francey may be wrens, rejoicing in their
nest,

But to be like meek gentle lambs, oh ! that would be
the best.

The Five Fairies.

ONCE on a time five fairies met,
And many hours beguiled,
Considering wherewith to endow
A lovely new-born child.
After discussion grave and long,
They still could not agree ;
For each her own opinion held
Of what the gift should be.

So in the end they thought it best
That each should have her will,
And separately the infant's cup
With happiness should fill.
Wearied, they sought their fairy couch,
But ere the dawn of day,
Hastened, with footsteps winged by love,
To where the baby lay.

Safe in his cot, the little one
 Slept the calm, noiseless sleep,
 Than which there is no slumber—
 Save one—so calm and deep.
 Golden the mother deemed those hours,
 Her treasure sweet and new ;
 She dreamt of it when sleeping,
 Dreamt of it waking too.

One fairy came all laden
 With rich and bounteous store
 Of fruits which only ripen
 On India's tropic shore ;
 With grapes, in purple clusters,
 From sunny hills of France,
 With honey from the heather,
 The baby to entrance.

He tasted not the honey,
 Nor yet the vine's rich juice ;
 Sweet milk and clear pure water,
 Perchance, were his excuse.

The second came with garlands
 Of all most fragrant flowers ;

Lily, and rose, and tendrils
From honeysuckle bowers ;
Myrtle and starry jessamine,
And primrose from the wood,
And wreaths of crimson lotus,
Snatched from the watery flood.

The little one, unheeding
Those blossoms sweet and fair,
Loved but the violet's perfume,
Soft breathing on the air.

The third brought forth her treasures :—
Pale silver, gleaming gold,
Strong iron from the North-land,
Bright gems of worth untold ;
Green emeralds from the ocean,
And pearls so white and fair,
Coral and changeful opal,
And diamonds, too, were there.

The babe's small fingers grasped them,
For one brief moment's space,
And then they sought his mother,
With tiny fond embrace.

Then came the fourth bright fairy—

“Zephyr,” her gentle name—

With all soft notes of music,

With harp and lute, she came ;

With song of distant skylark,

With sound of rustling leaves,

With melodies of summer

Beneath the spreading eaves.

The baby understood not,

Nor aught of music knew,

Till, with his mother's accents,

Close to his ear she flew.

The last of the five fairies

Bore the glad name of “Light.”

Her form was ever changing,

Yet ever fair and bright.

She brought all glorious pictures,

From earth, and sea, and sky ;

But the soft lids of the sleeper

Were closed as they passed by.

At length, to win his notice,

She traced a sweet calm face,

Beaming with youthful gladness,

Quiet with matron grace.

The baby's blue eyes opened
To meet his mother's smile,
And Light with early sunshine
Surrounded them the while.

Jessie's Question.

THERE was a little blue-eyed babe,
Who, all the summer days,
Gladdened her mother's heart with smiles
And winsome pleasant ways.

And oft a tiny sister strove
To make the baby walk,
Or, with her lisping tones, to teach
"Sweet Minnie" how to talk.

And a rough, merry, rosy boy
Most wondrous silence kept,
And hushed his laugh and noisy play,
When "baby sister" slept.

But when the summer time was gone,
And winter's chill winds blew,
And cold dark rain was falling fast,
Instead of sparkling dew ;

Dear little Minnie drooped and died,
And very sad tears fell.
God seeth all the bitterness
Which man can never tell.

The father took his darling child,
And laid her 'neath the stone,
Close by another little one,
Who long had lain alone.

The two had never met in life—
Together now they slept,
And guardian angels over each
Their watch together kept.

When Jessie heard that she was gone,
With God in heaven to be,
And never more the baby's voice
Rang through the nursery ;

She asked, with eager, earnest look,
“ Oh ! tell me, dear Mamma,
Can God take care of Minnie sweet
As you did, and Papa ? ”

“ And will He give her all she needs,
And feed her every day ?
And will He give her clothes, Mamma ?
And will she laugh and play ? ”

Thus ever, if some trifling toy
Brought Minnie to her mind,
Would ask this little gentle girl,
Whom death had left behind.

And 'mid her tears the mother strove
To teach her that the love
Which cares for little ones below,
Cares for the babes above.

That Jesus takes the babies home
To live with Him on high,
And makes them good and beautiful,
Like flowers that cannot die.

And that each morning she should kneel,
And say her little prayer,
With all her heart,—and then one day
She too should enter there.

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And when the spring-tide came again,
And skies were clear and blue,
Jessie looked up, and always thought
Minnie was smiling through.

The Child Prophet.

A little child slept quietly,
In Shiloh's sacred tent ;
No early dawn yet streaked the east,
Though night was now far spent.
The High Priest in his chamber near,
Tossed wakefully and sad ;
The little child smiled peacefully,
Some dream had made him glad.

Strange home that solemn tent appeared,
For one so young and fair ;
Far from his father's guardian love,
His mother's gentle care.
His brothers and his sisters played
Beneath their own roof-tree ;
But he was absent, who of all
Was loved most tenderly.

For he was "lent unto the Lord,"
 Not for a passing day,
 But all his life, within those courts,
 To watch, and serve, and pray.
 In snowy ephod, pure and white,
 Veiled with his waving hair,
 Unto the Lord he ministered,
 And stood before him there.

I said he slept that silent night,
 As happy infants sleep,
 When mothers, with untiring love,
 Their vigils softly keep.
 Yet light his slumbers, for a voice
 Uttered his own sweet name;
 The child awoke at that low call,
 Much wondering whence it came.

The seven-branched golden candlestick
 Shed its soft light around;
 He gazed, but no one was in sight,—
 Listened, but heard no sound.
 He thought perchance the High Priest called
 And sought him; but 'twas vain—
 He had not spoken—and, perplexed,
 The child lay down again.

Once more that still small thrilling voice
 Called "Samuel," and once more
 The Child thought Eli spoke to him,
 As he had thought before.
 He sought the old man's restless couch
 "Thou called'st, here am I."
 "No, no, my son—I called thee not,"
 Was still the priest's reply.

The child returned to rest: the voice
 Spoke to him yet again,—
 Again to Eli's side he came,
 "Thou surely called'st me then."
 The old man's face grew pale with awe,
 He knew it was the Lord;
 He knew that God had called the child,
 By that thrice-spoken word.

"Lie down again," he said at length,
 "Lie down, and it shall be
 That if once more that voice shall call,
 Thou comest not to me;
 God giveth honour as he wills,
 God lifteth up the meek ;—
 Answer thou humbly, 'speak, O! Lord,
 Thy servant heareth—speak.' "

Thus answered Samuel when the Lord
 Stood by his lowly bed,
And spoke to him those solemn words
 You may perchance have read.
Sad was the message he must bear
 To Eli's stricken heart;
No tidings his of peace or joy,
 Sweet comfort to impart.

Years passed away.—An upright judge—
 Noble, and true, and brave—
Ruled Israel in the strength of God,
 To him the glory gave.
Last of the Judges—holiest, best,
 Yet was he e'en the same,
Whom, in that well-remembered night,
 The Lord had called by name.

Florrie's Birthday.

HAPPY, happy little Florence,
Five years old this summer's day.
Coming years, shall they not follow
Like a lifelong holiday ?

Days like many-petall'd roses,
Nights like lilies in calm shade ;
Love like stars in darkness watching,
Joy like sunlight on the glade.

Shall thy life be one bright ripple
On time's dark unfathomed sea—
One glad song of springtide gladness,
Like the birds on greenwood tree ?

Shade or sunlight—all is hidden,
Shrouded from our feeble sight.
So thou be thy Saviour's darling,
All shall come to thee aright.

Meekly His commands fulfilling,
 Listening to thy Shepherd's voice,
 Treading in His holy footprints,
 Evermore shalt thou rejoice

In the fulness of His blessing,
 In the brightness of His smile,
 Thine the dove's sweet harmlessness,
 Thine the wisdom without guile.

Oft we call thee "household fairy"—
 Our own darling—rosebud fair—
 Press thy brow with fondest kisses,
 Smooth thy dark and glossy hair.

Love thee with a love so earnest,
 So exulting, and so true,
 That thine every look and movement
 Hath a charm for ever new.

Darling, love more deep and tender—
 Higher, holier far than ours—
 Waits thee in the many mansions,
 'Midst the everlasting flowers.

Evermore may Jesus lead thee,
In His hand thy hand enfold,
Till thou reach the glorious city,
Tread the streets of shining gold.

Surely none shall be more lovely,
'Midst the white-robed happy throng,
Than "the child of our affections,"
When she sings the angels' song.

Jesus' praises shall sound sweetest,
Through the ages yet to be,
From the little one whose presence
Makes our own life's melody.

The Cupbearer of Shushan.

LONG time ago, in Persia's court,
There dwelt a captive Jew,—
But little of the captive's thrall
That son of Israel knew.
For, loved and trusted by the king,
In luxury and ease,
High post and priestly rank he held,
In Shushan's palaces.

Yet he was sad; for tidings came
Of Salem's low estate,—
Her gates all burned with fire; her walls
Ruined and desolate.
Her children, weary and oppress'd,
Were sinking in despair:
He longed to leave his splendid home,
Their sorrowing lot to share.

So, day by day, and night by night,
His prayers went up on high ;
And Israel's faithful God was near,
Attentive to his cry.
Persia's proud monarch bade him go,
And build Jerusalem's walls,
And give his brethren place once more
Within their father's halls.

So he went forth : no lingering look
Cast he on Shushan's towers :
No sigh, as for his mourning land
He left those fairy bowers.
He went to do the work of God,
Strong in Jehovah's might,
And in His service toil seemed ease--
The very darkness, light.

A New Year's Hymn to Jesus.

WE are only little children,
But we would try to sing
A new glad song of praises
To Jesus Christ, our king.

He gives us warm, bright sunshine,
He sends the pure white snow,
He bids the winds blow softly,
And makes the daisies grow.

We wish that we could see Him,
And listen to His voice,
For all we learn about Him
Quite makes our hearts rejoice.

He left His throne of glory,
And came to bleed and die,
That we might live with angels,
Far, far above the sky.

And though we're very sinful,
He'll wash us in His blood,
If with our hearts we ask Him
To make us truly good.

So, on this new year's morning,
A new glad song we sing—
Glory and praise to Jesus,
The children's heavenly King.

The King's Choice.

A youthful king to Gibeon came
With many an earnest prayer,
And many a costly sacrifice,
To offer humbly there.
His glittering crown, so lately worn—
His robes of snowy white—
What were they in the sight of Him
Whose very name is "Light?"

The golden candlestick was lit,
The evening shadows fell,
And sweet and glad the hymn arose,
That monarch knew so well:
His royal father's loveliest song,
When yet a shepherd boy—
Song of green pastures and clear streams,
And holy rest and joy.

And one by one the quiet stars
 Shone out in the dark sky,
 Like loving words we speak to babes,
 Asking for no reply.
 The busy sounds of day were hushed
 In slumber calm and deep,
 And lights went out in happy homes
 Where none need vigil keep.

Why was it that the one most loved,
 To whom men bent the knee,
 Invested with all royal pomp,
 And power and majesty—
 Why was it that, with thoughts perplexed,
 He spent the silent hours?
 His father's path had chequered been,
 But his seemed strewn with flowers.

He was so young to rule the land,
 He felt himself so weak—
 So ignorant how best to judge,
 How best to act and speak.
 Well might he muse with anxious heart,
 Well might he watch and pray;
 So great the people who henceforth
 Would his behests obey.

Sleep came at last ; and in the hush
Of that calm starlit night
God spake to him—his father's God,
Lord of all power and might ;
And very gentle were the words,
Dispelling doubt and fear :
" Ask now what I shall give to thee,"
Fell softly on his ear.

Perchance he thought a little while,
Nor yet the answer gave,
Perchance he wished that he might prove
The bravest of the brave ;
Or rich with all the boundless wealth
Which India could supply,
Or happy in that priceless love
Which will not change nor die.

Not so—he asked a higher gift,
The highest, noblest, best,
Not found in glittering eastern mine
Or forest of the west ;
Not in the ocean depths, nor high
On mountain's snowy peak ;
'Twere vain in star or dazzling sun
That wondrous gift to seek.

Compared with this, fair gleaming pearls
Are valueless and vain,—
Worthless the rubies and fine gold
Men toil so to obtain.
He asked for *wisdom*, and 'twas given
In measure large and free :
God loves to pour His blessings down,
God giveth plenteously.

Not now we hear that gentle voice;
God speaks not now to men,
But in His holy Word he asks
Again, and yet again ;
Asks of each little wond'ring child,
“ What shall I give to thee ? ”
Choose wisdom—in His fear and love
To dwell continually.

The First Christmas Carol.

THE stars are shining bright and clear,
The hills are white with snow,
It is the Christmas eventide,
As little children know ;
For Christmas carols, sweet and glad,
Are sounding on the air,
And dark smooth holly leaves are twined
With Christmas roses fair.

Not in our own dear land was heard
The first sweet Christmas song,
But where the crimson lilies bloom
Judea's hills among.
Those hills where David long before
His father's sheep had kept,
And where, o'er Rachel's lonely tomb,
The sorrowing Jacob wept.

Not by a choir of white-robed priests
 Was that first carol sung,
 Not through the temple's glitt'ring courts
 Its faultless music rung.
 No listening crowds had gathered there,
 That wondrous chant to hear ;
 Save a few shepherds on the hills
 No human soul was near.

'Twas sung by a great multitude
 Of angels pure and bright,
 And o'er the rocks and waving trees
 There shone a glorious light.
 Never was heavenly music heard
 Before by sons of men,
 Never perchance shall song like that
 Be heard on earth again.

We know the tidings which they brought
 Of Christ our Saviour's birth,
 Their song of " Glory be to God,
 Peace and goodwill on earth."
 In crowded church and quiet homes
 We chant that carol still,
 'Tis heard from city streets and courts,
 And vale, and lonely hill.

It was for us the Saviour came,
For us He lived and died,
For us was born a little babe,
For us was crucified.
And so the Christmas carol sung
By angels long ago
Is sweeter than all other songs
Which Christians sing below.

The Little Soldier.

ARE you a little soldier ?

I think I hear you say

“ Oh, no ! I should not like to fight,
I'd rather read or play.”

“ Soldiers should not be children,

They should be brave strong men.”

Yet are you not a soldier too ?

My Percy, think again.

We promised, when you were a babe,

Christ's soldier you should be,

Against his enemies to fight

Hereafter manfully.

Not where the drums are beating,

Not where the trumpets sound ;

Not where bright swords are flashing,

Must be your battle ground.

But if with angry passions
And envious thoughts you strive,
If, when another injures you,
You willingly forgive ;

If, loving Jesus wholly,
And trusting in His blood,
You would bring every living soul
To serve him, if you could ;

Then, though you are a little child,
You are a soldier too.
God give my Percy grace to prove
Faithful, and brave, and true !

Prayer and the Word of God must be
Your weapons for the fight :
To those who have no strength or power
Jesus increaseth might.

The Night to be Remembered.

FAR o'er the Nile's broad waters
The pale fair moonlight streamed,
And stars in heaven's deep azure
With softened radiance gleamed.
In silence 'midst the groves of palm
The spring-tide's storm-winds slept ;
In silence, 'midst the quiet streets,
Watchers their vigil kept.

None saw the dreadful angel
Descending from the sky,
None heard the boding whisper
Of footfall from on high ;
But in the midnight hour arose
The cry of them that mourn,
With bitter unavailing grief,
The death of the firstborn.

In Pharoah's royal palace
 Lay dead a princely boy,
 Heir of the Sun's wide empire,—
 His parents' boast and joy.
 The captive in his dungeon cell,
 He was a mourner too,
 For Death's stern messenger no rank
 And no distinction knew.

Throughout the land of Egypt
 The firstborn all were slain ;
 Vain was the mother's anguish,
 The father's pleadings vain.
 The firstborn cattle all were dead,
 And firstborn of the flock ;
 And startled goats, with lifeless kids,
 Sprang from the craggy rock.

Dimly to us is pictured
 That night of fear and dread,
 When every man in Egypt
 Rose from his restless bed ;
 When every house in all the land
 Had one dead child to weep,
 When king and captive, lord and slave,
 The same sad watch must keep.

But from the land of Goshen
 There rose no funeral cry :
 Those blood-besprinkled portals
 Death saw, and passed them by.
 Israel could hear the dreadful wail
 From palace and from cot ;
 The blood had saved their little ones—
 The angel harmed them not.

Oh ! night to be remembered
 By tyrant and by slave :
 For Israel, glad deliverance—
 For Egypt, a dark grave.
 With mighty hand and stretched-out arm,
 God for His people fought,
 And terrible and wondrous things
 For their salvation wrought.

Dear children, you are ransomed
 With blood of priceless worth,
 The blood of Christ your Saviour,
 The Lord of heaven and earth.
 Oh ! trust in Him with all your heart,
 And then you need not fear,
 For 'midst all dangers, night and day,
 He will be ever near.

When Should you Think of Jesus?

WHEN should you think of Jesus?

Oh, when the sky is blue,
And buttercups and daisies
Are filled with morning dew ;
When little birds are singing
A welcome to the light,
Then you should think of Jesus,
For He makes all things bright.

When should you think of Jesus?

When winds are blowing high,
And stormy clouds are spreading
Quite over all the sky ;
When thunder peals around you,
And it is very dark,
Then you should think how Jesus
Saved Noah in the ark.

When should you think of Jesus?

When, on your Father's knee,
He tells you pretty stories,
And you laugh merrily.

When your dear mother folds you
So closely to her breast,
Then you should think of Jesus—
He loves you still the best.

When should you think of Jesus?

When sin has made you fear,
And you grow pale and tremble
To feel that God is near.
Then you should think of Jesus,
For nothing but His blood
Can cleanse your heart from evil,
And give you peace with God.

When should you think of Jesus?

When flowerets bloom or fade,
When loved ones are around you,
In sunlight and in shade.
In sorrow and in gladness,
When skies are dark or blue;
Dear child, think always of Him,
He always thinks of you.

Going Home.

"WILL you come with me, my pretty one?"

I ask'd a little child :

"Will you come with me and gather flowers?"

She looked at me and smiled ;

Then, in a low, sweet gentle tone,

She said, "I cannot come.

I must not leave this narrow path,

For I am going home."

"But will you not?" I asked again ;

"The sun is shining bright,

And you might twine a lily wreath,

To carry home at night.

And I could shew you pleasant things,

If you would only come."

But still she answered as before,

"No—I am going home."

"But look, my child; the fields are green,
And 'neath the leafy trees
Children are playing merrily,
Or resting at their ease.
Does it not hurt your tender feet
This stony path to tread?"
"Sometimes,—but I am going home,"
Once more she sweetly said.

"My Father bade me keep this path,
Nor ever turn aside;
The road which leads away from Him
Is very smooth and wide.
The fields are fresh, and cool, and green,
Pleasant the shady trees;
But those around my own sweet home
Are lovelier far than these."

"I must not linger on the road,
For I have far to go,
And I should like to reach the door
Before the sun gets low.
I must not stay; but will you not,
Oh! will you not come too?
My home is very beautiful,
And there is room for you."

I took her little hand in mine,
Together we went on;
Brighter and brighter o'er our path
The blessed sunbeams shone.
At length we saw the distant towers,
But 'ere we reach'd the gate,
The child outstripp'd my ling'ring feet—
Too overjoy'd to wait.
And as she turn'd her radiant face
Once more to bid me come,
I heard a chorus of glad songs,
A burst of—"Welcome home!"

THE END.



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